·FEBRUARY 1922·

Little Folks

20c. a copy

$2.00 a year

S.E. CASSINO CO.,
SALEM - MASS.

·KATHERINE G HEALEY·

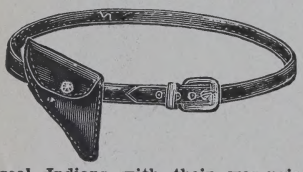
TOYS YOU WILL SURELY ENJOY

VALENTINE MAKING SET (BOX)

There is no better fun than making things with your hands, especially when you have plenty of fascinating material to work with, such as you will find in abundance in this Valentine Making Outfit. It contains enough folders, lace paper, hearts, paper springs, picture ornaments and mailing envelopes to make from twelve to fifteen such valentines as are sold in the stores at ten and fifteen cents each—which makes your valentine money go much further, as well as giving you lots more fun. Making your own valentines is good rainy-day work at any time during the year, for they can be put away and kept for use on Valentine's day. For Valentine parties, no contest will give you more fun than a valentine-making one. A box or two of this material, some scissors and paste is all you will need.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. **Cash price, 40c.**

A REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER



Indians and buffaloes and cowboys! Of course you enjoy them all. What boy doesn't? Haven't you often wished you could be a cowboy, and hunt buffaloes and see real Indians with their war-paint, and feathers and everything? Well, perhaps you can't do that, but you can be a pretend-cowboy, anyway, and here is a **REGULAR COWBOY HOLSTER** of tan imitation leather, with clasp fastening, and fringed edges. Contains a cap pistol for shooting all the play Indians and buffaloes you wish. Ammunition (single caps) may be obtained in most cities and towns.

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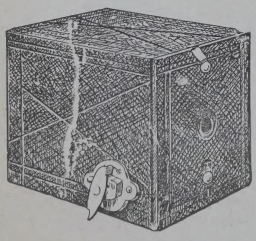
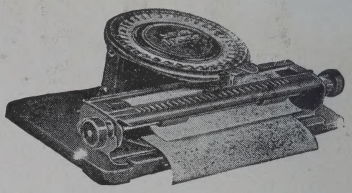
PREMO CAMERA NO. 00 AND FILM



Wouldn't you like a little camera all your own to take on outings and on visits away from home, so that long after you could see exactly how people and places looked when you "snapped" them? There isn't any better fun than taking pictures, and the Premo 00 is the right-sized camera for any girl or boy; easy to carry, never in the way. Takes splendid pictures of any subject you choose.

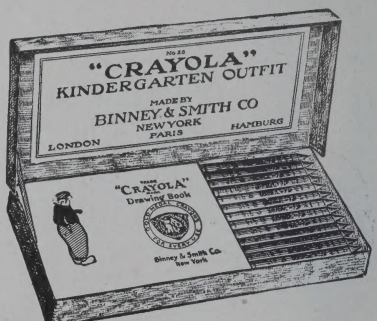
Given for three new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. **Cash price, $1.40.**

* *



Dear Little Folks:—I am writing this letter on my Simplex Typewriter to tell you what a fine typewriter it is, and how much I like it. I got it from you for securing three new yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS from children who had never taken the magazine before. Of course, I could have bought my Simplex from you for $1.50, but it was more fun to earn it by getting subscriptions, and not a bit hard work, either. I have written a lot of letters to my friends on my typewriter. I'm afraid I don't write very plainly—but the Simplex does. My Uncle Herbert said he didn't see what a fellow wanted of a make-believe typewriter, but when he saw my Simplex and tried it, he said it was so easy to run and understand and so strong that he wondered why everybody didn't have one. My sister Elizabeth is learning to run it. Tell all the LITTLE FOLKS' readers to get a Simplex.

Given for three yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. **Cash price, $1.50.**



CRAYOLA KINDERGARTEN OUTFIT

Theo had come to play with little Lucy and they were going to color pictures; so Lucy got out the kindergarten table and the water-colors and the brushes, cloths, blotters and all the rest of the things you have to have when you aren't a very big girl and want to use paints.

"Let's use my Crayola Set this time," suggested Theo. "Water-colors are so mussy. And this set is nice and clean."

So together the two little girls opened the big box Theo had brought. My, how little Lucy's eyes shone! There were crayons of all colors—madder lake, brown, dark blue, light blue, light yellow, black, rose, pink, dark green, light green, orange, Venetian red and purple. Besides all the long beautiful crayons, the box contained a 12-page drawing-book, three oiled stencils (Crayola Crayons are the only crayons with which you can make really, truly stencils) and 24 sheets of paper. What a lot of things one could do with a box like that—color pictures already drawn, draw new ones to color, make paper dolls, color pictures for scrap books—all sorts of things.

When Lucy's birthday came, Lucy put away her water-colors. She says her Crayola Set is better, because the colors don't fade or rub off and water doesn't hurt them a bit. Little Folks knows that you can't get a better set of crayons than this big Crayola specialty, and so does little Lucy.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. **Cash price, 60c.**

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks (*—*)

LITTLE FOLKS FOR MARCH

An Announcement

DID you like the copy of LITTLE FOLKS that the New Year brought you, all in its new dress and crowded with the kinds of stories, verses, pictures and things to make and do that make you write us how much you love LITTLE FOLKS? If you liked the January number, you won't be disappointed in the February issue, and as for March —

Why, do you know, so many of you write us that you read LITTLE FOLKS straight through from cover to cover and then wish for more, that we almost wish so, too; and that's why we have decided to give you, right here, this little peep into the LITTLE FOLKS workshop where we are busily getting ready the next number of your magazine.

IN MARCH YOU WILL FIND

Serials

The Little Princess of Honeypot Hill
Trixie and the Flower Fairies
The Gay Baboon

Short Stories

The Kitten That Lived on a Warship
The Polite Donkey
Ham and Eggs
Little Boy and His Bunnies

Verse

The Wires That Were Still All Day
Behind the Counter
A Magic Cook

Things to Make and to Do

Outdoors with Grandfather
Playroom Cooks
Something to Find in the Sky
A Paper Doll to Cut and Color
Dame Crump and Her Pig — a picture book to make
Two Home-made Tops for Boys
Something for After School

You won't want to miss any of these good things, so read the coupon at the bottom of the page very carefully.

IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH THIS ISSUE, USE THIS COUPON

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,
Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen:—Please find enclosed $2, for which send LITTLE FOLKS, according to your special offer, for fourteen months, beginning with the MARCH number to

Name.....

Street and Number or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....

Vicksburg, Miss.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been a subscriber to you for two years. I am ten years old and have a little sister who is seven. We both enjoy you very much. We are keeping health charts, like the Merry Americans did, and think it is lots of fun. Both of us take piano lessons and aesthetic dancing, and we like it fine. My Grandma and Grandpa Austin came from Massachusetts. I have been out to the far west, and to Chicago, and hope that some day I will go to Massachusetts. I make my own puzzles in this way: I take pictures of animals and people, and cut them into large and small pieces and try to fit them together again. I wouldn't mind having some of you Arkansas readers write to me. My address is 1315 Chambers St.

Amanda Austin.

Belleville, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—My twin brother, Paul, and I are taking "Little Folks" and the Letter Bag is the first thing we turn to when the magazine comes. You would be surprised to know how long the time between the issues seems. I like the stories in the front of the magazine best. When I was younger I liked those in the back of the book better. The animal stories are always very good. I wonder if any little boy or girl living in Alaska takes you? I wish someone from there would write to me. We have a friend who lives in Thorne, Alaska, but I should like to hear from some other part of that country. Last summer, when Mother took us to New York, we visited the Museum of Natural History. Here we saw large galleries, full of Indian relics, many of which came from Alaska. The totem poles and large canoes were very odd. We saw the sled that Perry used on his expedition to the North Pole. We have a pair of Eskimo moccasins that came from Alaska. There were imitation snow houses at the Museum, which showed how the Eskimo lives. We live in a city fourteen miles east of St. Louis. Belleville is one hundred and five years old. I remember when we celebrated the centennial. Three years ago we had another celebration, because it was one hundred years since our state joined the Union. A beautiful pageant was given in a private park where there was a lake, and many beautiful trees. The pageant showed how the Indians had lived here and were crowded out by the white men. Each group of people that came here, later, to settle, was represented by actors, who either danced or sang. Perhaps some of you readers have heard of Belleville because we have an aviation camp here. During the war, when there were many aeroplanes flying over the city, we often saw them fly in formation, which is very pretty, and looks like a flock of wild geese, from a distance. Paul and I are in Junior High School and are twelve years old. Our address is 120 South Jackson St.

Emma Louise Benignus

Wightman, Va.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little boy nine years old. I have been taking you for about two years, and like you fine. I like all the stories, and can hardly wait for the next number. Last year I had a sweet potato row which helped me to get money enough to take "Little Folks." I have no brothers or sisters. I would like to hear from any boy or girl who takes "Little Folks."

Charles E. Johnson.

Saguache, Colo.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you three years. I am seven years old. My great-grandma takes you for my two sisters, Elinor and Alberta, and me. I live in the San Luis Valley. The only way we can get out of the Valley is over high mountain passes.

Irene Slone.

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Margherita O. Osborne, Editor — Constance V. Frazier, Assistant Editor

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EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

COUSINS everywhere! How our membership roll grows, and how our list of Honor Guards grows with it! Here is the list of Guards who have won honors since our last list was printed, and after their names you will find the numbers that indicate what honors they have won since then.

Mary Frances Carpenter, Shelby, N. C. (3)
Erma Stull, Leechburg, Pa. (1)
Lois Phelps, Sioux City, Ia. (1)
Dorothea Mellen, Lawrence, Mass. (1, 2, 3, 4)
Winifred Fidlar, Arvado, Colo. (1)
Doris Church, Augusta, Me. (4)
Betty Brown, Enosburg Falls, Vt. (1, 2, 3)
Ruth Persell, Jamestown, N. Y. (1, 4)
Frances Libby, Richmond, Me. (4)
Elizabeth Peirson, Villisca, Ia. (3, 4)
Agnes Smith, Bonner, Mont. (2, 3, 4)
Basil Smith, Bonner, Mont. (2, 3, 4)
Doris Kennedy, Philipsburg, Mont. (1, 2, 3)
Thomas Kish, Glassport, Pa. (3, 4)
Mary Kish, Glassport, Pa. (3, 4)

It does look as though Doris and Frances were going to have some competitors, after all, for here are Elizabeth and Dorothea running abreast of them. Dorothea is the first Guard to win all four honors at once. Betty, Agnes, Basil and Doris won three, and Ruth, Elizabeth, Thomas and Mary won two.

It is good to know that so many of you are trying to win honors, and I feel sure that a great many of you will eventually win them all. I know that sometimes you find the trying pretty hard to keep on with. Some of you have bad Temper fairies to contend with, and some have fairies of Carelessness and Thoughtlessness and Forgetfulness to overcome. The cheering thing is that you *do* try and that you *do* overcome them, and when you write me that you *almost* let these bad fairies make you forget your pledge-winning, but remembered in time, then I know that our Home Guard is really worth while, because it makes you win victories for yourselves over the little things that can make unhappy homes; that you are on the way to being good citizens — and better Americans. Where is there a finer ideal than that — to be a worthy citizen?

I want to thank you for the nice, friendly letters you write me. Through them I feel as though I really knew you, that we were "truly cousins." Your mothers, too, write me delightful little notes of appreciation about our club, and of those I am very proud, indeed; for, when Mother approves of us, surely we may feel that we are doing the right thing!

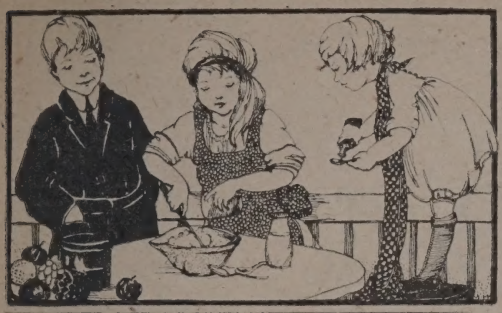
Some of you have sent me little pictures of yourselves, and I love to find those in my mail. I thank you for them, and I keep them where I can look at them any time I choose.

And now we come to the sixth and last honor to be won before the big, final honor; so get out your Home Guard Record Books and write at the top of the sixth page this pledge:

"*I will obey the rules of good health.*"

I am not going to write a great deal about the benefits of good health, because we all know what they are. We know how disagreeable it is to be ill, and how glad we are to get well after an illness, even a slight one. A lot of our illness is due

PLAYROOM COOKS



MOTHER said the Playroom Cooks might have a Valentine Party if they'd do all the cooking themselves.

"Of course, it will have to be a simple luncheon," said Mother, "for you mustn't get tired before the party starts."

"Oh, I never get tired cooking," said Janie. "It's such fun to put things together and have them turn into something else."

"I like to taste things, too," said Ruth. "Cook says it spoils her appetite to be tasting things all the time, but it doesn't spoil mine!"

So the little girls took paper and pencils and the Playroom Cook-Book, and this is the menu they wrote:

Heart-to-heart Sandwiches
Sweetheart Chocolate
Love-me and Love-me-not Cakes.

Ruth buttered the cookie pans while Janie got a bowl and mixed ¼ of a cupful of butter, which she creamed first, with ½ a cupful of molasses. Then she added a half cup of boiling water and Ruth sifted into the bowl:

1½ cups of flour
1 teaspoonful of soda
⅛ teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful of cloves
1 tablespoonful of ginger

Cook had to show them how to roll out the cookies, just a few at a time, and then both little girls cut them out with two sizes of scalloped cookie cutters. One size had an even number of scallops and the other had an odd number.

"When you eat 'em," explained Janie, "you eat the scallops first, and you say, 'He loves me, he loves me not,' just the

Continued on Page 187

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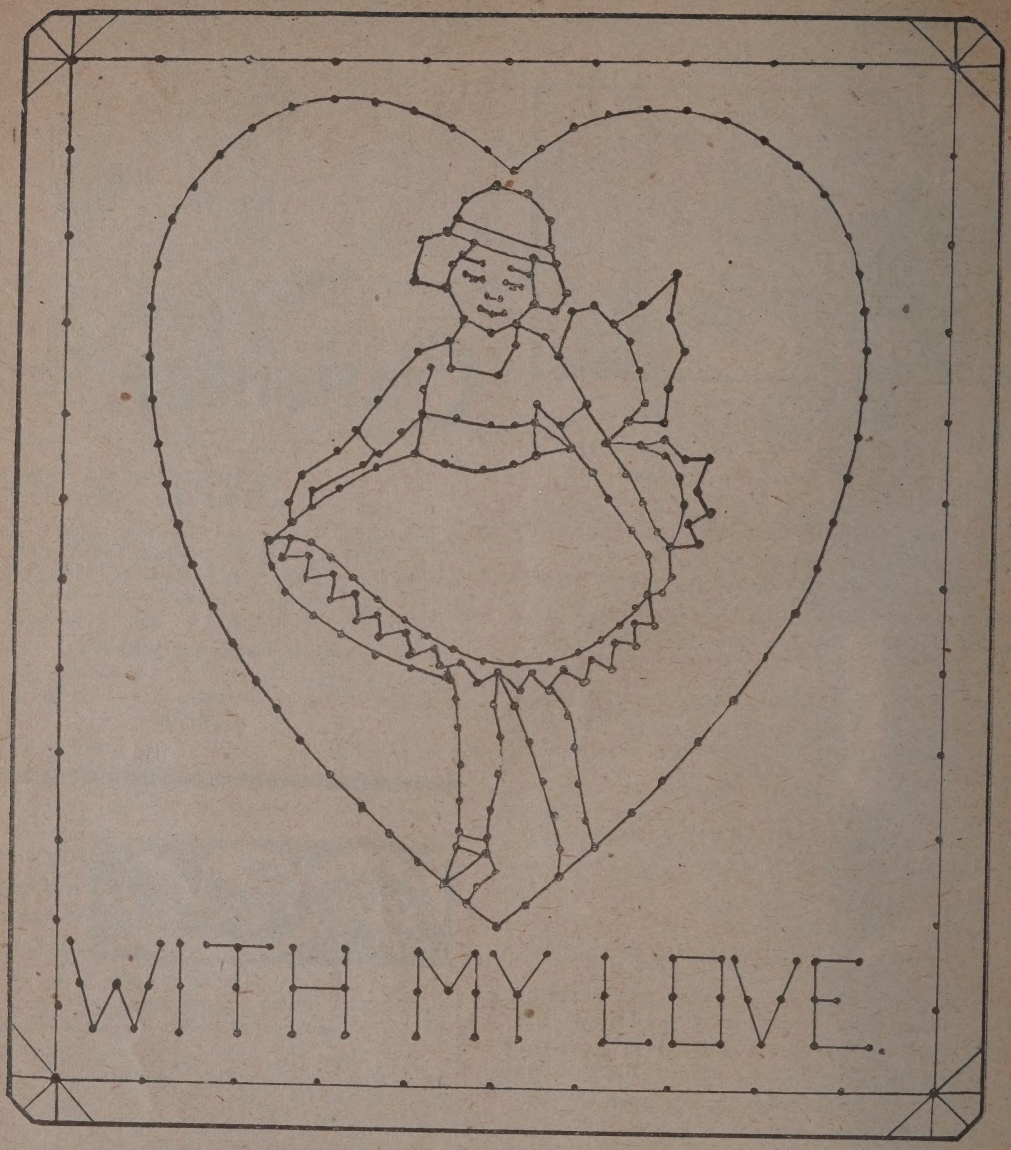

A VALENTINE SEWING CARD

By Josephine Ames Baker

TRACE the design on thin white cardboard, using carbon paper, or paste heavy white paper to the back of this page and dry under a flat weight. Punch a hole through each dot with a large darning-needle or hat-pin. Then outline the pattern by sewing through each hole with silkateen or heavy embroidery cotton, using the following colors:

Dress, hair and stockings, pale yellow
Heart and letters, deep pink
Face and arms, pale pink
Sash, pale blue, or pale green
Border line, pale yellow, or pale green.

How pleased Mother will be to have a valentine you made all yourself

LINCOLN

By Annette Wynne

A LOG cabin, rude and rough——
This was house and home enough
For one small boy: there in the chimney place
With glowing face
The eager young eyes learned to trace
Staunch old tales of staunch old men;
In the firelight there and then
The soul of Lincoln grew——
And no one knew!
Only the great and bitter strife
Of later days brought into life,
Great deeds that blossomed in the gloom
Of that dim, shadowy, firelit room.

From "Days and Days," published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

VALENTINE GREETINGS

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV. FEBRUARY, 1922 NO. 4

PUSSY Patkins lived in a wonderful stone palace on the banks of a beautiful river. She was a dear little kitten, soft, fluffy and white, and the favorite pet of Little Princess Elizabeth. Every morning Little Princess Elizabeth fastened three little gold bells to a fresh ribbon which she tied around Pussy Patkins' neck. Pussy Patkins was very proud of her white fur and her beautiful ribbon bow, but best of all she loved the three little gold bells that tinkled merrily whenever she frolicked and played.

One morning, after Little Princess Elizabeth had tied the gold bells to Pussy Patkins' neck with a dainty blue ribbon, she held Pussy Patkins up and whispered something deep into her little pink ear.

"Dear little Pussy Patkins," she said, "I am afraid I shall never be happy again. My little gray pony is dead."

As soon as Little Princess Elizabeth put her down, Pussy Patkins curled herself up into a little round ball and thought the matter over quite carefully. Suddenly she darted down the broad walk to the gate of the palace, crept through the gate, and ran into the big, wide road that leads to the great outside world.

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She ran on and on until she saw a white rabbit scampering across the road.

"Little White Rabbit," she said, "will you come with me?"

"What will you give me if I do?" asked Little White Rabbit.

"I'll give you one of my little gold bells."

"Yes, I will go with you."

So Pussy Patkins tied the gold bell to Little White Rabbit's neck with a piece of her blue ribbon. Then they went on until they saw a little white lamb gambolling across the road.

"Little White Lamb," said Pussy Patkins, "will you come with me?"

"What will you give me if I do?" asked Little White Lamb.

"I'll give you one of my gold bells."

"Yes, I will go with you."

So Pussy Patkins tied the little gold bell to Little White Lamb's neck. Then they followed the road until they saw a little white pony galloping across the road.

"Little White Pony," said Pussy Patkins, "will you come with me?"

"What will you give me if I do?" asked Little White Pony.

"I'll give you my last little gold bell."

SHE GAVE HIM ONE OF HER BELLS

"Yes, I will go with you."

So Pussy Patkins tied her last little gold bell around Little White Pony's neck.

"Now, I have nothing more to give." she said. "Come, we must go to the King's palace. Little Princess Elizabeth is very unhappy."

So Pussy Patkins led the way to the palace and Little White Rabbit, Little White Lamb, and Little White Pony followed.

When they arrived at the palace gate, Pussy Patkins showed Little White Pony how to open it. Then Pussy

Patkins led them to Little Princess Elizabeth's little white garden. Only white flowers grew in this garden, all kinds of white flowers, thousands and thousands of them! In the garden was a beautiful fountain. Pussy Patkins knew that Little Princess Elizabeth often sat at the window overlooking the fountain in the little white garden.

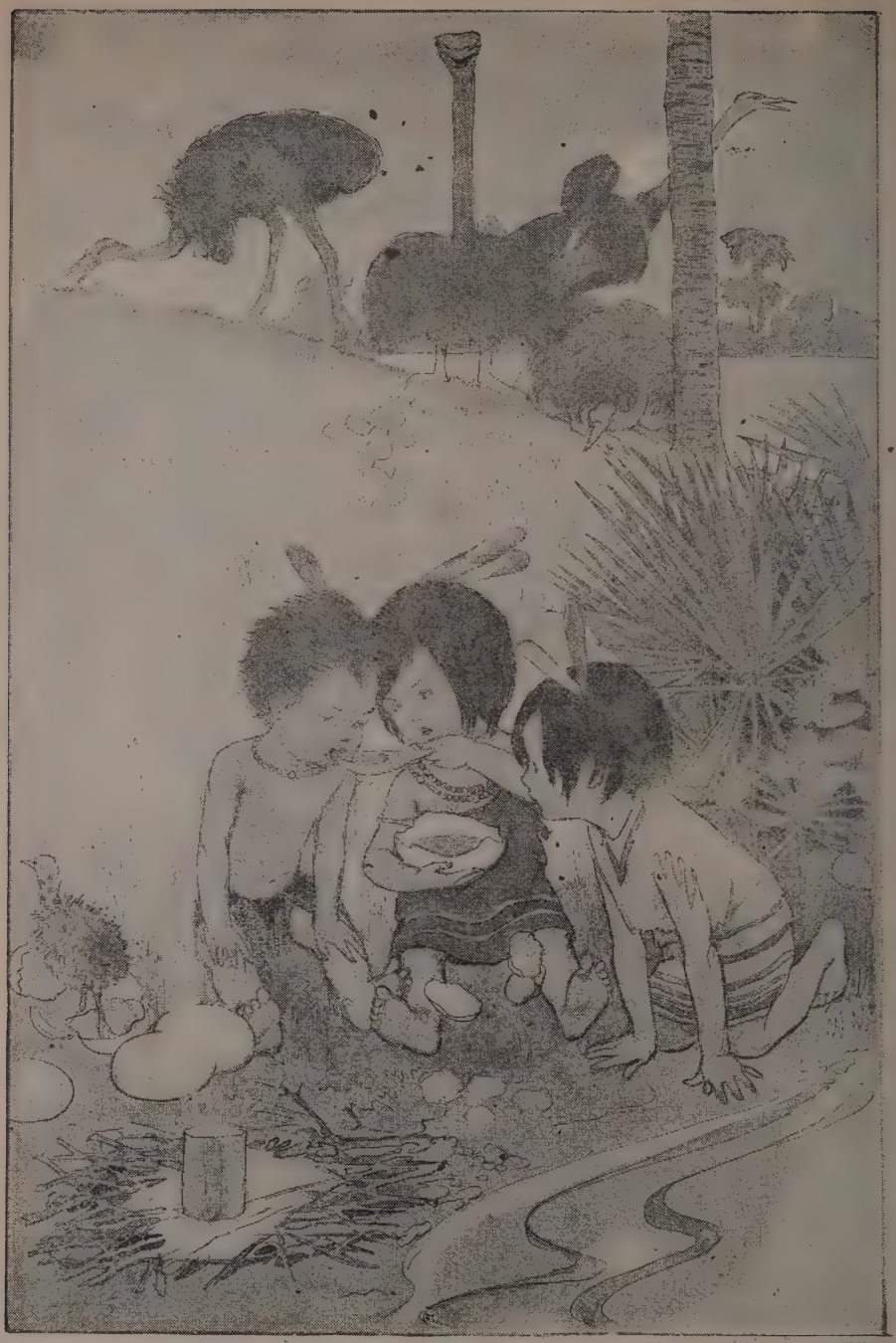
"Now for a frolic!" cried Pussy Patkins, and they all danced and capered around the fountain in the most delightful manner, until Little Princess Elizabeth spied them from her window and stood clapping her hands with glee.

THEY PROMISED TO LIVE THERE ALWAYS

Down into the garden ran Little Princess Elizabeth. First she hugged Little White Rabbit, then she hugged Little White Lamb, then she hugged Little White Pony; and last of all, she hugged Pussy Patkins, because she loved her best of all.

After they had had another frolic, Little Princess Elizabeth brought them each a fine dinner. Then she gave them each a comfortable bed. Little White Rabbit, Little White Lamb, and Little White Pony promised to live at the palace with Pussy Patkins and Little Princess Elizabeth always.

The very next morning Little Princess Elizabeth tied a beautiful white ribbon around Pussy Patkins' neck, and there were fastened to it *six* little shining gold bells. As Pussy Patkins ran out to show them to Little White Rabbit, Little White Lamb, and Little White Pony, she thought the bells were saying, "Little Princess Elizabeth is the dearest princess in all the world!"



THE THIRD LITTLE OOH-HOO FED THEM SPOONFULS OF OSTRICH EGG OMELET

THE THREE MERRY LITTLE OOH-HOOS

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

ONCE upon a time there were three merry little Ooh-hoos. They were little fatsy-fat folks and they had shiny browny-brown skins.

They did nothing all the mornings and nothing all the afternoons except play, play, play!

One morning the three merry little Ooh-hoos went on a picnic.

"Whatee din-din?" grunted the first merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Makee ostrich egg omelet," grunted the second merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Cookee him by bonfire," grunted the third merry little Ooh-hoo.

So the three merry little Ooh-hoos dug a great big ostrich egg out of the sand.

And the first merry little Ooh-hoo cracked the shell of the great big ostrich egg and made a bowl out of it.

And the second merry little Ooh-hoo gathered sticks and made a red bonfire.

And the third merry little Ooh-hoo cooked the yellow omelet in a tin can over the red bonfire.

Then the first merry little Ooh-hoo put the yellow omelet in the ostrich egg bowl.

And the second merry little Ooh-hoo hunted up a wooden spoon.

And the third merry little Ooh-hoo held the ostrich egg bowl in her lap and fed spoonfuls of ostrich egg omelet to the first merry little Ooh-hoo and to the second merry little Ooh-hoo. Yes, and also to the third merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Yum!" grunted the first merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Yum! yum!" grunted the second merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Yum! yum! yum!" grunted the third merry little Ooh-hoo.

And by that time, the ostrich egg omelet was all eaten up.

And the three merry little Ooh-hoos never knew that a funny fuzzy old ostrich was laughing at them the whole time!

For the funny fuzzy old ostrich had never heard of an ostrich egg omelet picnic! The only sort of picnic that the funny fuzzy old ostrich knew about was a carpet tack, tomato can, horse-shoe nail picnic!

So then, when the three merry little Ooh-hoos had finished their picnic they put water on their red bonfire till it was black.

And the first merry little Ooh-hoo grunted, "Whatee play?"

And the second merry little Ooh-hoo grunted, "Swimee?"

And the third merry little Ooh-hoo grunted, "Fishee?"

So the three merry little Ooh-hoos scimper-scampered down to the white sandy sea beach where the blue wavelets rolled.

And on the white sandy sea beach they saw a jolly little Bum Bo and the jolly little Bum Bo was being chased by a great huge monstrous leather turtle.

The jolly little Bum Bo ran very very fast and the great huge monstrous leather turtle ran very very fast, also.

"Helpee!" shouted the jolly little Bum Bo, when he saw the three merry little Ooh-hoos.

So the three merry little Ooh-hoos ran after that great huge monstrous leather turtle.

And the first merry little Ooh-hoo pushed.

And the second merry little Ooh-hoo pushed.

And the third merry little Ooh-hoo pushed.

And then the three merry little Ooh-hoos heaved and hove all together.

Till the great huge monstrous leather turtle stood up on his tail and his hind paws.

(And the jolly little Bum Bo keeled right over on his back.)

And then the three merry little Ooh-hoos pushed with a mighty push again.

And plunk!

Over on his back turned the great huge monstrous leather turtle.

His four legs and his head and his tail waved in the air.

"No gettee up," grunted the first merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Lie on he shelly allee day," grunted the second merry little Ooh-hoo.

THE JOLLY LITTLE BUM BO KEELED RIGHT OVER ON HIS BACK

"Turnee turtle," grunted the third merry little Ooh-hoo.

"Thankee, thankee, thankee," grunted the jolly little Bum Bo.

"Savee lifee."

So then the jolly little Bum Bo ran home to tell about the great huge monstrous leather turtle and the three merry little Ooh-hoos.

But the three merry little Ooh-hoos stayed and picked up pink shells and silver shells and gold shells on the white sandy sea beach and strung them together into a necklace for their mummy.

Then when the sun was like a round ball of fire tumbling into the water, the three merry little Ooh-hoos knew it was supper time, and they scooted right straight home to their mummy and daddy.

A VALENTINE CATCH

THERE IS A FRIENDLY LITTLE STAR

MY LITTLE STAR

BY ETHYL M. REED

WHEN mother tucks the covers snug,
And takes away the light,
There is a friendly, little star
That watches me all night.

And once when I was far from home,
And lonely as could be,
I saw that same, dear, friendly star
Shine softly down on me.

It must have traveled very far
Across the sky so deep
To bring me love from Mother,
And watch me while I sleep.

MOVING IN

A VACANT HOUSE

MARY VANDERBURGH.

MERRY little Snow Sprites,
Flying through the air,
Spied an empty bird's nest
Brown and lone and bare.

Said one tiny Snowflake:
"Much I wonder why
Birds should leave their houses
Open to the sky!"

"Let's go in and live there!"
And the air was dim
While the flying White Wings
Filled it to the brim.

Though the North Wind blustered,
Tossed the nest about——
Not a wee white Snowflake
Ever tumbled out!

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER IV.—THE NOBODY HOUSE AND THE DOOR THAT HAD NO KNOB

"IT'S LOCKED!" SAID DOROTHY

"IS it that we have found the fire, I wonder?" asked Raoul, pointing to the curling smoke.

"Why, it might be," said Gene: "It's the only smoke *I've* seen, and we might have seen it through the trees, I suppose. If that's true, though, we're certainly still on Honeypot. I'm glad of that."

"I feel as if I were dreaming," said Dorothy, looking at the little house. "Who *do* you suppose would live way off here and use such a queer front door?"

Gene shook his head. "It's very queer," he said. "It's surely somebody's house, and there's somebody living in it, or there wouldn't be any smoke coming out of the chimney. It might be tramps, of course——"

"Let us knock," interrupted Raoul. "Then we shall know."

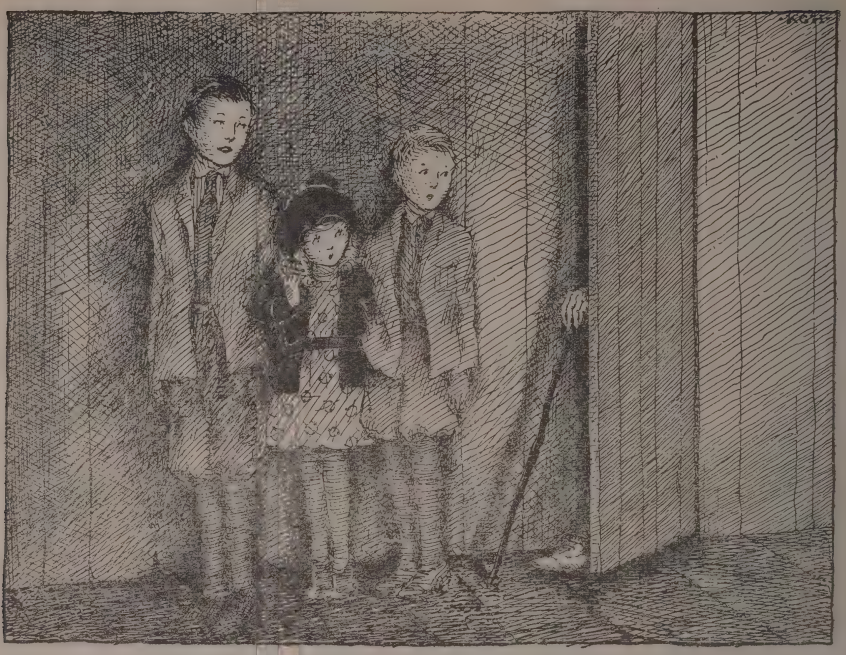
"What shall we say if anybody comes?" worried Dorothy.

"Say we're lost, of course," decided Gene. "If they thought we fell through their front door they might not like it!"

Rat-a-tat-tat! went Raoul's knuckles on the door, but nobody answered. And though both Gene and Raoul did their best with fists and feet, the door remained closed.

"It's a Nobody house," declared Dorothy. "I don't believe anybody lives in it. I wonder if we could climb in?"

"The window is too high up and too little," said Gene. "Try the door."



A SLENDER, KNOTTED STICK CAME POKING THROUGH

"Why, it's locked, isn't it?" said Dorothy, turning the knob. But the door was not locked, and opened squeakily, as though it were scolding the children for their boldness. And the first thing they knew, there were the three of them standing inside the mysterious Nobody house, with the door closed behind them.

Outside the world had been flooded with golden sunshine, but here, inside the Nobody house, it was dark and damp-smelling and rather unpleasant. It was so quiet that it made the shivers play tag up and down your spine, for you couldn't hear even one bird singing outside.

The room in which the children stood was small and bare, with unpainted, badly-laid floors and rough, unfinished walls. There was a plain pine table at one side, with a chair leaning against it, and above was a window, so small and dingy and cob-webby that you couldn't have looked in at it if you could have reached it from the outside, or out of it if you could have reached it from the inside. On the opposite side of the

room was a door, tightly closed, and so narrow that it looked like the closet doors at home.

"There's no stove here," said Gene. "I don't see where that smoke came from."

"Perhaps there's another room on the other side of that door," suggested Dorothy. "Why don't you try it. This one was open, you know."

Gene did try it. Then, "Why!" he exclaimed in surprise. "There isn't any knob! Of course it won't open!"

"No knob!" exclaimed Dorothy, coming over to see for herself. There certainly wasn't any knob, and there never had been, by the looks. There wasn't so much as a place for one.

"Hark!" whispered Raoul. "What was that?"

They stood quite still and listened. Sure enough, on the other side of the door that had no knob they could hear a faint tap-tap-tapping sound that seemed to be coming nearer.

"Stand up close against the wall," motioned Gene quickly, and hardly had they done so when the knobless door was pushed open from the other side and a slender, knotted stick came poking through. The door opened wider and a foot in a worn brown boot came into view, followed by an arm in a shabby brown sleeve. Then a head and a whole body appeared and a young man, carrying a rude cane came into the room. He stood uncertainly in the doorway a moment, poking about with his stick, and Gene had to move his foot ever so cautiously to prevent being touched. Dorothy had to clap her hands over her mouth to keep from exclaiming aloud when the man turned in their direction and stared oddly. But Gene motioned her to be quiet.

The man certainly did not look like a wicked person. His strange looking eyes were big and brown, and his face was pale and thin; and as he turned his gaze toward the children, they realized that he did not see them at all—that he was blind.

Suddenly he turned back to the room from which he had come.

"You are wrong, Princess," he said. "There is no one. How could there be anyone? Be patient; I go to—to look for the royal coach, Princess. It is long past the time."

And with that, he crossed the room, feeling his way with his knotted stick, and went out into the May sunshine.

THE LITTLE GIRL AMONG THE PILLOWS

"Quick!" whispered Gene. "He's left the door open, and we can see what's inside!"

But when they tiptoed to the doorway and looked in, they could see nothing but a big, empty bed with a chair beside it. Then suddenly a sunbeam stole in, past them, caught at something more golden than itself and made it sparkle.

"Come in," said a voice from the direction of the bed. "Don't stand there and stare at me! Are you the king's messengers? Tonito has gone to look for you."

The children edged through the doorway. Neither of the boys seemed able to think of anything to say, probably because of the crown upon the curly light brown hair of the little girl who sat propped among the pillows on the big bed.

But Dorothy did not feel at all shy. It was only a gilt paper crown, the kind the May queen wears, and she had played princess, herself, too many times not to know what to do. She went up to the bed and made a low curtsey.

"How do you do, Your Highness?" she said. "I am Dorothy Freeman, and this is my brother, Gene, and our friend, Raoul Renaud, who has come from France to visit us. Do you —do you live here?"

"Yes," replied the princess, "I do, now. Tonito takes care of me till the king's messengers come. Are you sure those boys aren't the king's messengers? Tonito said they would surely come to-day. They will bring me a new crown, and lots of lovely dresses, and a doctor to make my leg well so I can walk again."

"Is Tonito the blind man who just went out?" Gene wanted to know, so far forgetting to be shy that he came over to the bed.

"Tonito does not need eyes," said the princess haughtily, holding out her hand for Gene to kiss. "He sees with his mind."

Gene did not want to kiss the hand of the princess, so he gave it a good, hard, American-boy handshake that seemed to please the princess quite as much. She opened her blue eyes wide and stared at him for a moment. Then she said a most amazing thing, for a princess. "I wish I were as fat as you are!"

Gene did not know what to say to that, so he patted the princess' shoulder, and Dorothy put her arms around the royal lady and gave her a good hug. "You will be," Dorothy comforted her, "just as soon as you get well."

Raoul had not seemed to realize that this was only a play princess, and so he came forward with his nice French bow and asked: "From what country are you, Your Highness?"

SHE GAVE GENE HER HAND TO KISS

The little princess' eyes flashed and her head went up. "I come from Russia, the unhappy," she replied; and then two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Tonito brought me," she sobbed, "and I want to go h-h-home!"

"It is better in America," Raoul

assured her. "Your Tonito, he will tell you all about it."

"But we shall go home again," the princess assured him, "just as soon as the messengers come. We had to run away, you see. It was a revolution. It was while we were running away that I fell and was hurt. When I remembered again, I was on the big ocean, with Tonito. And we are waiting here. Here, I play I am a princess, while we wait. In Russia— "

Tap-tap-tap, came the sound of Tonito's stick outside. Gene jumped up at once.

"Hurry," said the princess. "Go quickly, but come again. Tonito would be cross if he knew you had been here this way."

"You haven't told us your name!" exclaimed Dorothy, getting up, too.

"Olga," said the princess. "You may call me that. Now go quickly, before Tonito comes."

(To be continued)

HELPING THE WORLD

(*A RECITATION*)

One day, in church, the minister
Said everybody ought
To be a Helper in the world.
But though I thought and thought

I couldn't see what I could do;
The big world seemed to be
So much too big to need the help
Of little girls like me.

I couldn't preach to people
And tell them to be good;
Nor earn enough of dimes to buy
One hungry person food;

Nor nurse in hospitals; nor teach
Poor children how to read —
It seemed as if I couldn't do
One thing that people need!

So I asked Mother — and she says
That school and home are each
Just parts of that same great big world
It seems so hard to reach;

And when I help my teachers
By doing what is right,
Or try not to be noisy
When papa's tired at night,

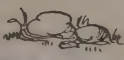
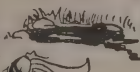
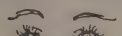
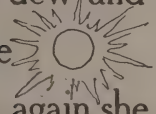
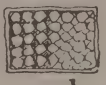
Or sometimes spare one of my toys
To help some poor child's play,
I'm really helping the big world
A little every day!

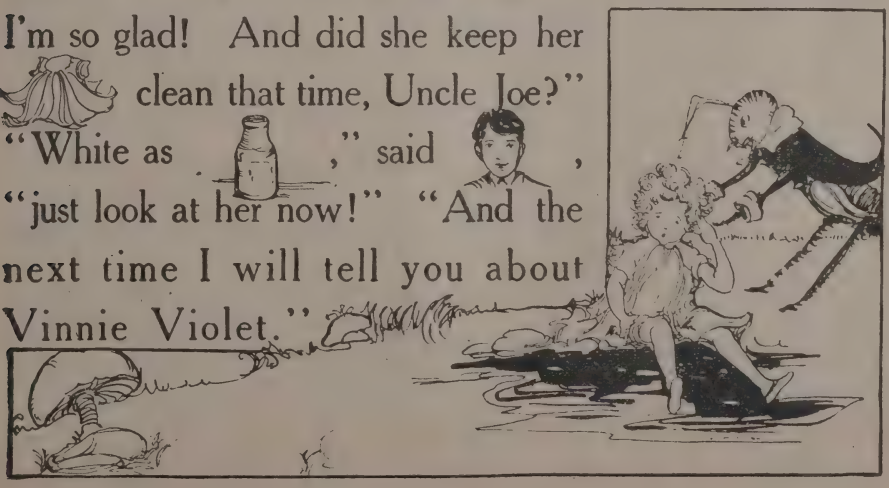
—*Henrietta R. Elliott.*

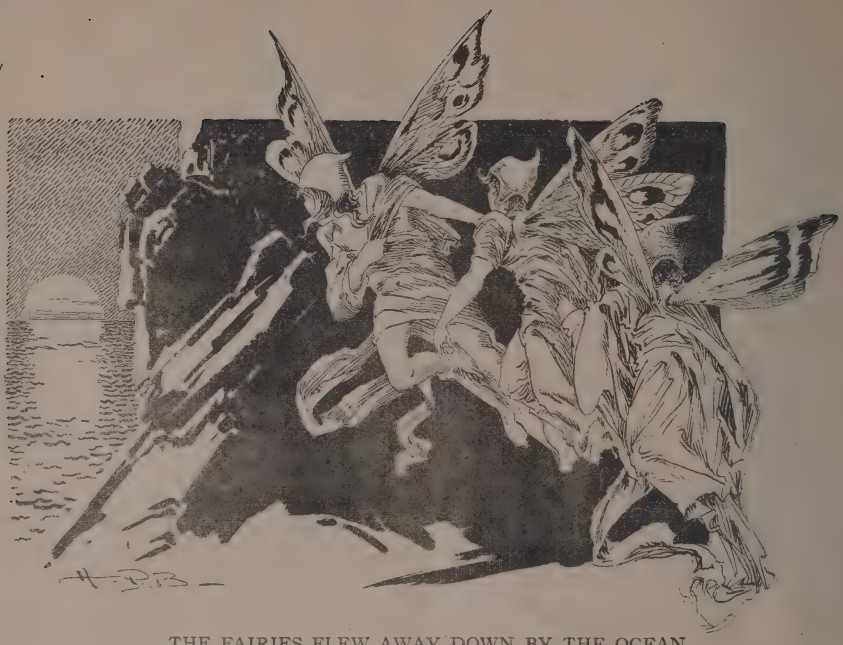
Trixie and the Flower Children.

III.

GOOD morning, Peter Pansy," cried skipping out into the shine. "How gay you look! What will you tell me about to-day, Uncle Joe?" "To-day," said , "I shall tell you about little Lucy . Lucy was as sweet and good a little as ever you saw. One day when Mrs. was dusting the in the parlor, Lucy came running in with a in her . 'Oh, Mother!' she cried. 'Mr. Bumble , the , brought me a and it says may I go to the picnic by the to-morrow!' 'To be sure, you may,' said Mrs. . 'But first I must make you a new .' So she hustled and she bustled and she got her and her and her and her and she made Lucy the loveliest white trimmed with green and when put it on she looked as sweet as . And she packed a full of and and and and away went Lucy to the picnic. Just outside the she met little Tommy Cricket in his best black suit. 'Are

you going to the picnic?' asked . 'Yes' said . 'Let's go together,' said Lucy. So they took hold of and ran and dear, dear, Lucy stubbed her on a  and tumbled splash, right into the big  by the rain- ! What a sight her new was! 'Now I can't go to the picnic,' said . And she gave the to Tommy and went home with the big dripping out of her pretty  . And what do you think Mrs. did then? She hustled and she bustled and she got out her and her and her and a of dew and she washed that and hung it up in the  to dry and ironed it and when Lucy put it on again she looked just as sweet as  . And away she went, hop-skip, to the picnic and was only ten minutes late by Mrs. Butterfly's !" "Oh" cried Trixie, I'm so glad! And did she keep her clean that time, Uncle Joe?" "White as ," said , "just look at her now!" "And the next time I will tell you about Vinnie Violet."





THE FAIRIES FLEW AWAY DOWN BY THE OCEAN

THE STORY OF ELFIN

BY MARIE MILLER

A LONG time ago — it was when the storks used to bring babies to people — there lived a man and his wife. The man's name was John and his wife's name was Martha.

Now John and Martha had a little boy and a little girl, but they soon grew up and went away to make homes of their own. So John and Martha were very lonesome.

One day Martha said, "John, how nice it would be if we had a little boy who would never grow up and go away, but would stay with us always!"

"Wouldn't it!" said John. "I wish we had one!"

Now the little fairies that lived in the cracks in the walls of that cottage heard what John and Martha said. So they waited until it was dark and then they flew away down by the ocean where the Stork King lived in a great cave. They told him what John and Martha had said and asked him to please to send them a little boy who would never grow up.

"Well," said the Stork King, "that all depends. Have they

been good to their other children? Have they taken good care of them and sent them to school as they ought?"

"Oh, yes," said the fairies. "We have lived there twenty-three years and we know that they have been very kind to their children."

"Very well," said the Stork King. "I'll think it over."

So the fairies flew home, and that very night a big white stork came to the house and brought a little tiny baby, not very much larger than my thumb. He laid the baby on the steps. Then he pecked very hard on the door two or three times and immediately afterwards flew away.

John and Martha were sound asleep but the pecking on the door awoke them. John got up and went to the door. He was just in time to save the baby from rolling off the steps.

"Oh, Martha!" he cried. "Do come here quick. We've got our wish!"

When Martha saw the thumbkin baby she clapped her hands. "Oh, John, do you suppose that we may keep it?" she said.

"Of course," said John.

So they took the baby into the house and wrapped it in nice warm handkerchiefs. It was too little to sleep in the big cradle, so John made a little cradle out of a paper box. He made the rockers out of stiff paper and glued them on the box. Then Martha put some soft wool in the box and spread handkerchiefs over it for sheets and covers. So you see that the tiny foundling had a very soft and comfortable little bed, indeed.

John and Martha named the baby "Elfin," because he was so small and because they were sure the fairies had brought him. For a long time the baby kept very still, but after a while it became strong and learned to walk and also to say "Papa" and "Mama" which greatly pleased John and Martha.

When the next summer came and John had to go to the fields to work, little Elfin wished to go with him. He wished to see what there was in the fields, and he was tired of staying in the house all the time; besides, babies dearly love fresh air.

Now John was afraid of losing Elfin, so he put him in his

coat pocket. It was very dark and warm in the pocket, but Elfin would stand up on tiptoe and look over the top to see what was going on and take long breaths of cold fresh air.

One day John was going to ride to town on his old mule. Elfin coaxed so hard to go that, at last, John put him in his coat-pocket, got on the mule and started off.

Before they had gone very far, Elfin coaxed John to let him sit outside in the mule's ear. So John put him inside the mule's ear and told him to hold on tight so that he wouldn't fall out.

This went very well just at first, but pretty soon the mule became angry because it tickled so to have little Elfin stirring about in his ear. The mule finally gave himself such a dreadful shake that John fell off backwards, and then he galloped on ever so far till he shook little Elfin out of his ear.

JOHN CARRIED ELFIN IN HIS POCKET

Elfin fell in the soft grass, so he was not hurt, but he was much frightened. He sat down by the road and cried as loud as he could. But his voice was such a little voice that no one heard him. This made him cry all the more, for he was afraid he would never get home again or see John any more.

While Elfin sat there, a little gray rabbit came up to him and nibbled clover. He didn't seem the least bit afraid of Elfin.

"Oh," thought Elfin, "if I could only get on his back and guide him by the ears, maybe I could make him take me to John."

Elfin waited quietly and soon the rabbit sat down beside him on his haunches and went to sleep. Then Elfin jumped upon the rabbit's back, and took hold of his long ears to keep

THEY PASSED JOHN, WHO WAS STILL HUNTING FOR ELFIN IN THE GRASS

from falling off. When at last the rabbit awoke he gave a great jump right into the air as he felt Elfin's weight, and then started to run as fast as he could.

But Elfin hung on hard and pulled the rabbit's ears to make him go the right way. Oh, how fast that rabbit ran? On, on he ran, so fast that Elfin could scarcely take a long breath. They passed John who was still hunting for Elfin in the grass.

When John saw them he could hardly believe his eyes. He shouted for Elfin to jump off and wait, but the rabbit was going too fast for that.

John ran after them a long time but he could not catch the rabbit. All of a sudden, however, the rabbit hit a stone and tripped so that he turned a somersault into the grass. Elfin tumbled off, of course, and the rabbit ran away into the field.

When John came up, Elfin was crying. He wasn't hurt, but he was so frightened that he didn't know what to do. John picked him up and carried him home in his hand to Martha. He told Martha all about it.

"Oh," said Martha, when she had heard the story, "I'm so sorry that he will never be any bigger. I'm afraid he *will* get hurt some day. He is so little he can never take care of himself or go to school or anything. What will he do when you and I die some day?"

"I'm sorry, too," said John. "I wish he would grow like other boys."

"So do *I*, so do *I*," said Elfin. "I wish I *could* grow."

Now the fairies heard all this, too. So that night they went again to the Stork King, in the great cave by the ocean, and told him what John and Martha and Elfin, all three, had said.

"Is that so?" said the Stork King. "Well, I thought they'd soon change their minds. I'll see to it. Just wait a minute."

Then the Stork King went into another room and soon he came out with a tiny bottle full of wee white balls like little pills.

"Here," he said, "carry these to the cottage. Every night when Elfin is asleep, put one of them in his mouth and he will grow just like any other boy."

So the fairies took the bottle of mysterious pills home. Every night after that they stole out of the wall and put one of the little balls in Elfin's mouth when he was asleep and he soon began to grow very fast. He kept right on growing till he was as big as John.

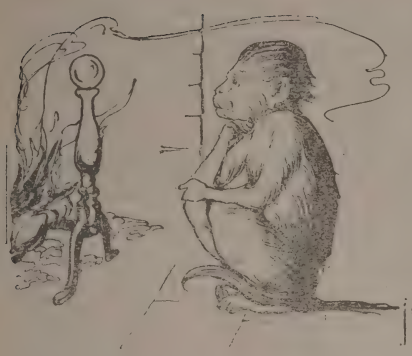
JOHN CARRIED HIM HOME IN HIS HAND TO MARTHA

John and Martha and Elfin were all very glad to see that he was growing! Elfin's name was changed to "Frank" because the name "Elfin" wouldn't fit such a big boy any more.

Frank became a large strong man, and when John and Martha became too old to work, he took care of them and was very kind to them as long as they lived.

THE GAY BABOON

BY LUCILLE GULLIVER



HE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT

NOW Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith saw that it was snowing. And she was very glad, for it was the night before Christmas. So she stirred the fire on the hearth. She laid two birch sticks on it, and then two more on top of them, and then one more on top of all; and then she took down the little red bellows from the mantel.

The baboon was watching with all his eyes, for he had just felt a chill in his fuzzy left ear, and was afraid of another.

Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith blew on the coals with the little red bellows, and the little red bellows said, "Whee-hee-whee-hee-whee-hee." The coals glowed and the new sticks sputtered and golden flames danced all over the hearth.

And the gay baboon laughed up his sleeve.

Then Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith put away the bellows, and went out into the kitchen.

When she went out, the baboon slipped out of the rocker by the book-case, and walloped over to the fire to toast his fuzzy left ear that had had a chill. And then for a long, long time he looked right into the fire and thought and thought. The fire made little fires in the baboon's eyes, but he didn't know it.

By and by, Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith came back into the parlor, and looked at the baboon. And the baboon knew that it was time to go to bed. But somehow he didn't feel a bit sleepy; so he kept on watching the fire. And Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith went into the bedroom, and put on her night-cap, and went to sleep as quick as a wink.

And the house was as still as still could be. Only the birch sticks sputtered, sending out dancing golden flames all over the hearth. The gay baboon liked it, so he laughed up his sleeve.

By and by, he heard sleigh-bells tinkling, tinkling, all very merry in the snowy air of the night before Christmas. But after a while the tinkling, tinkling didn't sound any more, and the baboon knew that it was growing very late indeed, and that all the good people were sound asleep, like Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith, in their little white night-caps.

Then all of a sudden the gay baboon jumped up from before the fire — and laughed up his sleeve, and then laughed up his other sleeve. Then he walloped out of the parlor into the hall, and over to the front stairs. Up the stairs it was all dark and still, and the baboon listened.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" called he.

Then he walloped out of the hall into the dining-room, and out of the dining-room into the kitchen to the back stairs. Up the stairs it was all dark and still, and the baboon listened.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" called he.

Then he walloped out of the kitchen into the back hall to the wood-shed stairs. Up the stairs it was all dark and still, and the baboon listened.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" called he.

And then he walloped out of the back hall into the kitchen, and out of the kitchen into the dining-room, and then into the hall and right into the parlor once more. There he sat down by the fire, where golden flames were still dancing on the hearth.

And pretty soon the baboon heard something.

A little thump, thump, thump on the front stairs; a little thump, thump, thump on the back stairs, and a thump, thump, thump on the wood-shed stairs. By and by the thumping grew a little clearer and a little clearer, although it was still a very little thump.

And the gay baboon laughed up his sleeve, for he knew that the little mice all over the house and in the wood-shed were coming down stairs, and that their little gray tails came along behind them and made the thump, thump on the stairs.

The baboon heard something else, as the little mice came nearer and nearer.

"Squee, squee!" they whispered. "Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve!"

And then they all trooped into the parlor. My, such numbers as there were! They made three long lines as they

THE LITTLE MICE SQUEALED RIGHT OUT, THEY WERE SO PLEASED

came in, all very lively little mice and whispering to each other very fast.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" said the baboon, and they sat down before the fire. Golden flames were dancing all over the hearth just to please the little mice on Christmas Eve.

And the little mice watched and whispered softly, and were as warm as toast.

Then the baboon reached and took down his bright green carpet-bag that hung behind the door. And he put both his fore-leg arms 'way down into it — and something inside rattled. And he drew out both fore-leg arms, and his hands

were full of sweet white pumpkin seeds. The little mice squealed right out, they were so pleased. Then the baboon put his fore-leg arms 'way down into the bright green carpet-bag again, and out came crisp little crackers, little nibbles of cheese, piecrust flakes and all kinds of things that little mice like. My, it was the nicest party! And all the time it was Christmas Eve, and very late; and the gay baboon was laughing up his sleeve.

But pretty soon there was a sweet tinkling, tinkling, and a great stamping and a great champing outside in the snow, and the little mice were startled. And all of a sudden Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith poked her little white night-cap out of her bedroom door right into the parlor. And just at that minute Santa Claus poked his big fur cap through the front door right into the parlor. The little mice, and the baboon, and Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith and Santa Claus were all startled.

The little mice were so scared of Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith and of Santa Claus that they whisked out of the parlor into the hall; and up the front stairs and the back stairs and the wood-shed stairs; and their little gray tails went along behind them.

"Squee, squee!" they cried. "Santa Claus! Santa Claus!"

And Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was so startled by Santa Claus, and so frightened by the mice, that she ran back to bed, and drew the blankets 'way up over her little white night-cap.

And Santa Claus was so surprised that he jumped into his sleigh and went tinkling, tinkling away, without leaving a single present or even wishing a "Merry Christmas!"

And the baboon was left alone. So he laughed up his sleeve, and fell asleep by the fire.

And that's all for now about the gay baboon.

Lost—Little Dog Brownie.

MY little dog's lost!
Please hunt him for me;
I'm sure you will know him
From others, for he
Always turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down;
When this you see,
Please bring him to me!

He has fringe on his tail,
And fringe on his legs;
He will give you his right paw,
He sits up and begs;
And he turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down;
When this you see,
Just bring him to me!

He's all over brown,
Except his black nose;
He takes his tail with him
Wherever he goes;

And he turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down;
When this you see,
Bring him right back to me!

He is small for his age,
You can very soon see —
But if you're not quite sure
It really is he,
If he turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down,
It Brownie must be!
Lead him straight home to me!

—*Margaret Madden.*

▼ ▼

THE DIFFERENCE

When I look out and find the rain
Is pattering against the pane;
When I am bad, or things go wrong,
Or something stops the little song
That bubbles up inside of me,
And makes me glad as I can be;
The things I write about it all,
I spell with letters very small.

BUT WHEN I FIND THE DAY IS BRIGHT,
AND ALL THE THINGS I DO ARE RIGHT,
AND I AM GOOD, AND LIKE TO SING
THE BUBBLING SONG WITH MERRY RING.
I FEEL SO GLAD THE WHOLE, LONG DAY.
I DO NOT KNOW JUST WHAT TO SAY,
BUT ANYWAY THE THINGS THAT PLEASE,
I SPELL WITH CAPITALS LIKE THESE!

—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*

PICTURES IN CUT PAPER

MAKING pictures of colored papers is good fun. When you have decided what color you will have each part of your picture, copy the parts and cut them out of the right colored paper. Skies can be made blue or gray, tree trunks black or brown, trees and bushes dark green, castle and Indian red. Paste them all on white paper and draw a heavy black margin around the picture. These paper pictures look well mounted on gray cardboard.

You can make interesting pictures of things you see near your own home. If you live near the shore, you might make pictures of wharves and boats, or of cliffs and rocks and waves; or, if you live in the country, you might draw barns and silos and haystacks and wagons. Church steeples and smokestacks and bridges, against hilly backgrounds, make interesting pictures, too.

A good way to get ideas for such pictures is to look out of a high window where you get a good view of the horizon and can see objects silhouetted against the sky. No doubt you will be able to find material for several pictures from your own attic windows.

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At your Grocer's—50 cup pkg.—48c.
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Burpee's Flower Seeds

Boys and girls, there's a treat in store for you this summer if you have a garden and plant some of Burpee's Flower Seeds.

The flowers offered in this advertisement are the special kinds that we recommend to all of our young friends because they are so easy to grow. If you plant the following flower seeds you will be able to have flowers every day from early in the spring until Jack Frost comes along next winter.

Four Cut Flowers 25c

These 4 packets of seeds will give lots of flowers for cutting. They all last long in water. One packet each:

White Aster **Giant Mignonette**
Crested Zinnia **Velvet Flower**

This collection of 4 cut flowers will be mailed to your door for **25** cts.

4 Bedding Flowers 25c

These will make a beautiful bed of bright flowers. One packet each:

Lilac Alyssum **Bush Dolichos**
Defiance Balsam **Golden Daisy**

These 4 packets will be mailed to your door for **25** cts.

Four Climbing Flowers 25c

The climbing flowers in this collection will grow all over your fence and porch. They will provide shade and will give beautiful flowers.

Dolichos Darkness **Tall Nasturtium**
White Morning Glory **Spoon Gourd**

The 4 climbing flowers will be mailed for **25** cts.

Four Spring Flowers 25c

This collection contains 4 beautiful flowers that bloom very early in the spring.

Lemon Calendula **Brilliant Petunia**
Santa Barbara Poppy **Shirley Poppy**

All 4 packets will be mailed to you for **25** cts.

Four Fall Flowers 25c

This collection contains 4 of the most beautiful fall-blooming flowers. They will keep right on blooming until killed by Jack Frost.

Blue Daisy **Double Sunflower**
Amaranth **Large White Cosmos**

The Fall Collection of flowers will be mailed for **25** cts.

Burpee's Dollar Bargain of Flowers

If you want to have all kinds of beautiful flowers in the spring, summer, and fall, we recommend that you plant **all** the seed listed on this page. As a **special bargain,** we will mail you **all five collections—20 large size packets of flower seeds—for $1.00.** Just send a dollar bill and Burpee's Dollar Bargain of Flower Seeds will come to your door by return mail.

Burpee's Annual is the leading American Seed Catalog. It will be mailed to you free upon request.

W. Atlee Burpee Co.
Seed Growers Philadelphia.

PLAYROOM COOKS

Continued from page 151

same as when you pull petals from a daisy."

While Janie made the sandwich filling, Ruth cut the bread into heart shapes with a cookie cutter. (It could be done with a sharp knife and a paper pattern, if one had no heart-shaped cookie cutter.)

For the filling Janie used:

Cream Cheese Sandwich Filling

1 package of cream cheese
16 stuffed olives, cut up fine
2 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing

and

Pecan and Date Filling

½ pound of pecans chopped fine
½ pound of dates, stoned and chopped cream to soften mixture into paste.

The chocolate was made last of all; a level teaspoonful of cocoa and a teaspoonful of sugar for each cup was placed in the cocoa pan, mixed with half a cup of boiling water for each cup to be served; this was brought to a boil, then as much milk as boiling water was added, and the chocolate was ready, all except the marshmellow heart which was added to each cup, at the very last moment.

THIS DOLLY AND BED GIVEN

to any girl who wants it.

THIS beautiful imported bisque doll has real hair and eyes that open and shut. She is 5 inches long and jointed throughout. She is the kind of doll that Mother used to have.

Her bed is a fine, large, enamelled wooden bed that folds up in small space when not in use. It is well made, very strong and durable, and one you will be proud to have your dolly own.

Dolly will be sent if you sell 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10 cts. a card.

The bed is yours for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10 cts. a card.

"It's a snap to sell our snaps."

Every woman uses snaps and ours are of the best quality, rust-proof, tight-holding, made in black and white so you can sell two kinds at every house.

SECCO SALES CO.

D. L. F. SALEM, MASS.

ANY OF THESE TOYS Given to Girls or Boys

Just look, girls. A real jointed sleeping doll, with real hair and a bisque body, ready for you to dress. You'll have hours of fun making clothes for this cute little imported doll. It will be sent you without cost if you sell 30 cards of easy-selling snap fasteners at 10c a card.

YOU CAN GET THIS CAMERA

This popular size camera takes excellent pictures of any sort of subject. Packed with film ready for use. It is made by the manufacturers of Kodaks and takes excellent pictures of any subject. Additional films can be purchased in your own town. If you sell 30 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card, you can get this camera.

USE THIS IN YOUR SCHOOL

YOURS This fine, noiseless, scholar's companion contains pencils, pen and pencil holder, Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation leather, with clasp fastener. If you sell 15 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card, you can get this companion.

YOU WILL ENJOY THIS VIOLIN

It has genuine gut strings and hair bow with rosin. Will delight any child's heart.

It's yours cost free if you sell only 20 cards of our snap fasteners at 10c a card.

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GIVEN TO YOU

if you sell 15 cards of superior quick-selling snap fasteners at 10c each. Send for yours today.

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"It's a snap to sell our snap."

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AND SAVE MONEY

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Today's Housewife Little Folks	$2.10
Boys' Life McCall's Little Folks	$3.15
Woman's World Little Folks	$2.25
McCall's Little Folks	$2.25
People's Home Journal Little Folks	$2.50
Today's Housewife Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$2.60
Farm and Fireside McCall's Little Folks	$2.60
Today's Housewife McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
Pathfinder McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal Today's Housewife Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$2.85
Pathfinder People's Home Journal Little Folks	$3.00
Pathfinder Farm and Fireside McCall's Little Folks	$3.25
Modern Priscilla Today's Housewife Little Folks	$3.75
Modern Priscilla McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
Christian Herald McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
Modern Priscilla People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.00
Boys' Magazine People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.00
Youth's Companion Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$4.10
Today's Housewife Boys' Life Little Folks	$4.15
Delineator Little Folks	$3.50
Pictorial Review McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
McCall's Delineator Little Folks	$4.25
Today's Housewife Woman's Home Com. Little Folks	$4.25
Woman's Home Com. Pathfinder Little Folks	$4.25
Youth's Companion Today's Housewife Little Folks	$4.25
American Bo McCall's Little Folks	$4.25
Youth's Companion Pathfinder Little Folks	$4.25
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LITTLE FOLKS and

American Boy	$3.75
American Magazine	4.25
Boys' Life	2.65
Boys' Magazine	3.00
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Everybody's	4.00
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Multiply the number in front of the magazine by .05, to find the price of the magazine in the club, thus: .05x35-$1.85, the price of Boys' Magazine in club. We suggest that you find our ready-made club containing most of the magazines you desire, and add whatever other magazines you wish from the column below at the club price.

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50 American Magazine	2.50
35 Boys' Magazine	2.00
35 Boys' Life	2.00
35 Christian Herald	2.00
40 Collier's	2.50
x Cosmopolitan	3.00
35 Delineator	2.00
25 Designer	1.50
35 Etude	2.00
55 Everybody's Mag.	2.50
x Good Housekeeping	2.50
x Hearst's	4.00
x Ladies' Home Journal	1.50
35 Little Folks	2.00
60 Little Folks (2 yr.)	3.00
30 McCall's Magazine	1.00
70 Mentor	3.50
60 Metropolitan Mag.	3.00
32 Modern Priscilla	2.00
20 The Pathfinder	1.00
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30 Pictorial Review	1.50
60 Review of Reviews	4.00
40 Sunset	2.50
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GIVEN Eastman Film Camera Popular size with handle and view finder, for time and snap-shot pictures. Just order 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (the wonder Menthol Ointment.) Return $3 and complete camera is yours. Or choice of Moving Picture Machine, Thin Model Watch or Flashlight. Write for goods today. We trust you. Address U.S. SUPPPLY CO. Dept. 947, Greenville-Pa.

GIRLS Beautiful Doll and Teddy Bear both sent without cost for selling 30 pkgs assorted flower and vegetable seed at 10c a pkg. Send no money, just postal with name and address. Choice of many other useful gifts for girls and boys if desired. Send today

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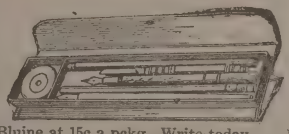

With Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Pen Holder, Eraser, for selling 10 packages Bluine at 15c a pckg. Write today. BLUINE MFG. CO., 522 MILL ST., CONCORD JUNCTION. MASS.

Madisonville, Ohio.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am eleven years old, and I have been taking "Little Folks" about seven years. It is a fine magazine for children. I surely do like the idea of your renewal subscription counting as a new subscription. I started out to get a few subscriptions as soon as I had read the magazine and I got two. I am going to try to get some more.

Lawrence Shields.

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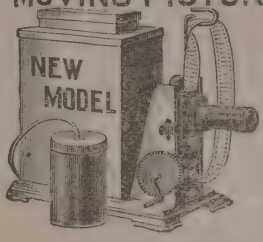

This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film — ALL GIVEN for selling 20 pkgs. Bluine at 15c a pkg. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium of set of admission tickets. BLUINE MFG. CO., 520 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

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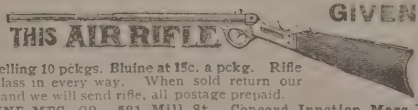

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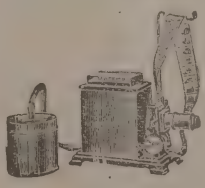

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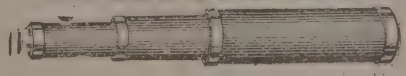

Opens out over 2 feet long. You can see objects a mile away. Given for selling 10 packages Bluine at 15 cts. a package. Write for it.

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GIVEN *MOVING PICTURE MACHINE*

Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova Salve, the wonderful Menthol ointment for cuts, burns, catarrh, etc. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

U. S. Supply Co., Dept. Greenville, Pa.

OUTDOORS WITH GRANDFATHER

BY MARGHERITA O. OSBORNE

LITTLE Boy Blue and Little Girl Pink have a grandfather who takes them to walk in the woods at all times of the year. He knows all about birds and bugs and trees and plants. Some folks call him a Naturalist but to them he is just "Grandpa" and sometimes even "Gramp."

One Sunday afternoon in winter, Grandfather told Little Boy Blue and Little Girl Pink to put on warm coats and caps and overshoes for he was going out in the woods to look for silk-worm moths.

"Silk-worm moths in winter?" asked the children.

"Oh, they are all wrapped up and sound asleep in their cocoons, or nests." said Grandpa.

Little Boy and Little Girl climbed into "Buz-wuz," Grandfather's little coupé, and they asked questions all the way to the woods.

"How long will the moths sleep?" asked Little Girl.

"Until spring," replied Grandfather.

"And don't they eat in all that time?" asked Little Boy.

"They ate so much, of alder and sassafras and button-wood leaves, and they got so fat before they went to sleep, that they don't need any food," said Grandpa.

"Now that most of the twigs are bare," said Grandpa, "it's easy to know where to look for our sleepy moths. Look under the leaves that are still fastened to the bushes. Their cocoons are often fastened to dead leaves and they look like dead leaves themselves."

Little Girl Pink has very bright eyes; she found two big cocoons before Boy Blue found one. Grandfather showed her how to break the twig so as to leave the cocoon undisturbed.

One of the cocoons was fastened to the twig by the stem alone, but the other was fastened all along its side.

"Two different kinds of moths are in

these cocoons," said Grandfather. "They belong to the same family, just as Boy Blue and Girl Pink belong to my family, but one of them is *Cecropia* — this one fastened to the twig — and the other, hanging by a stem, is *Promethea*.

"Oh, Gramp!" called Boy Blue. "Come and pull this one off."

"Yes," said Grandfather, "that's another Promethea. See how he wove his cocoon, winding the silk round the twig and the stem of the leaf, and using the leaf itself as a mould.

"Now, let's see how many we can find, for next summer we shall watch beautiful red and maroon moths, with black and white trimmings come out of these dull nests and spread their wings."

"Oh, yes! let's get lots of them and give some to teacher, exclaimed Boy Blue.

Story-Book Games

THE Book-Folk who live in the Magic Bookcase have some very entertaining games of their own that they play in the land behind the covers of the Story-Books when there is no one near to see, and you will find them good fun on windy, snowy days when playing in the house is much more fun than going outside. So call your playmates in and let the fun begin!

Sleeping Beauty has a game that you will enjoy immensely. First, all the players should form in a circle, choosing one of their number to be *Prince Charming*. He takes his place within the circle. All the players close their eyes tightly, and then the Prince tries to charm them. He goes before any player he may choose and does or says anything he pleases that will startle or amaze the player into opening his eyes. The players must answer all the questions Prince Charming asks of them, and of course he may make the questions as silly as he likes and the players may make their answers as funny as they please. Of course, Prince Charming tries hardest to waken a little girl, the Sleeping Beauty. As soon as she awakes, she runs, and the Prince chases her. If he is able to catch her before she returns to her place in the circle, she takes the place of the Prince in the center, and tries to charm a sleeping Prince in the circle.

Red Riding Hood has another exciting game to offer. Divide the players into two groups. One group will be *Little Red Riding Hood* and her sisters, and the other group will be *Wolves*. One of the Wolves is secretly chosen to be the Wolf who followed Little Red Riding Hood. It is very important that Little Red Riding Hood and her sisters do not know who is chosen to be that Wolf. Now draw two chalk lines on the floor, about ten feet apart. If you cannot use chalk upon the floor, two long pieces of string or tape, fastened to the floor with pins, will do quite as well. Each side takes its place behind one of these lines, and the game begins.

The Red Riding Hoods say, "Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

The Wolves answer: "The better to hear you, my dear!"

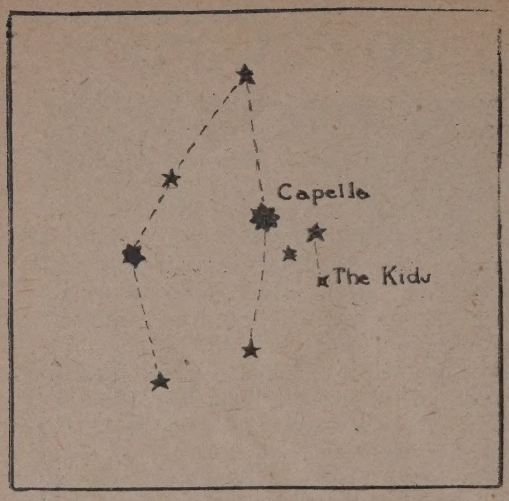
The story goes on through "the eyes to see you" and "the hands to catch hold of you." Then Red Riding Hood says:

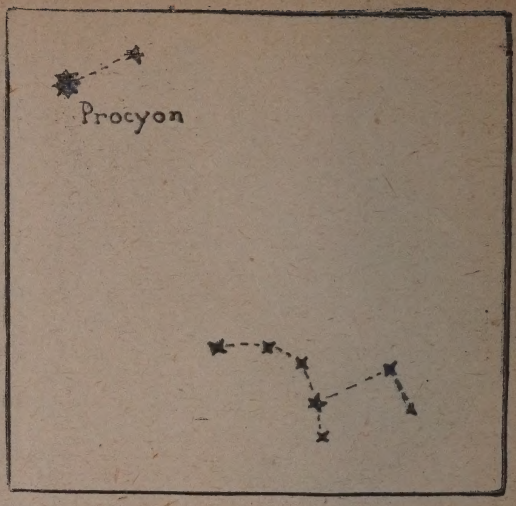
"But, Grandma, what big teeth you have!"

The Wolves answer: "The better to eat you!"

With this warning the Wolves run after Little Red Riding Hood and her sisters. Each Wolf tries to catch one, but as soon as the chosen Wolf tags one, he cries, "Little Red Riding Hood is caught." After that the Wolves take their captives back to their line and surrender their places to them; that is, each Red Riding Hood caught must take the place of the Wolf who caught her, the Wolf taking her place on the other side.

Another player is chosen in secret, as the Wolf was chosen, and the game is repeated. The child winning the game is the one who is least often caught by the Wolves, and the Wolf who caught no one must be made to pay a forfeit.





SOMETHING TO FIND IN THE SKY

BY MARGHERITA O. OSBORNE

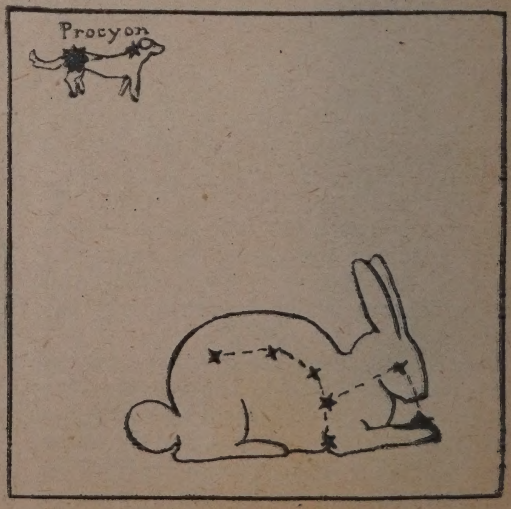
ORION'S dog, Sirius, is forever chasing the rabbit, Lepus. Look for the bright belt of Orion in the southwest, this month. Under his feet, one of which is the bright star, Rigel, are four stars which form an irregular square; three stars curve over it. These seven stars, with the two under Rigel, form the rabbit Lepus. The stars in the curve of the rabbit's back point to Sirius, the dog star — the very brightest star in the sky.

The dipper is standing on its handle every evening of February. Using the two stars which form the top of the dipper as pointers, and following in a straight line up to a point almost overhead, you'll find the bright star, Capella. This star is one of a constellation as bright and beautiful as the dipper. It is called Auriga, the charioteer, and there are six stars in his body. The left horn of the bull, Taurus, is in the right foot of the charioteer; Capella is his left shoulder.

The meaning of Capella is "the goat," and near this star are three small stars called "The Three Kids."

Below the twins, to the southeast, is the little dog, Canis Minor, which has only two stars, but one of them is Procyon, a star of the first magnitude. The little dog seems to belong to the twin boys, as the big dog belongs to Orion.

AURIGA, THE CHARIOTEER

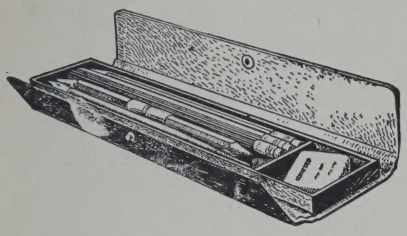


THE LITTLE DOG AND THE RABBIT

KNIVES AND STATIONERY SETS FOR SCHOOL OR HOME

This **FOUNTAIN PEN** is made of glossy black hard rubber, has a gold-tipped writing pen and writes freely and smoothly. It is a handy thing for school or home use. Any child will enjoy owning this pen.

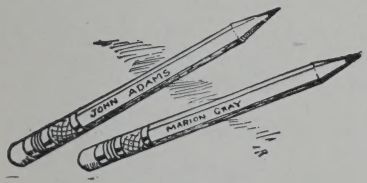
Given for one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS (not your own) postpaid. Cash price, 60c.



NOISELESS SCHOLARS' COMPANION

This is a neat, compact companion with several pencils of fine quality, pen and penholder, and one Van Dyke eraser. The case is made of imitation grained leather, and closes with a snap clasp that is noiseless. If you own one of these companions, you will be envied by every child inschool.

Two companions given for one new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS (not your own) postpaid. Cash price, 50c.



INDIVIDUAL PENCILS. These pencils have your own name printed on them so you will not lose them. They are excellent grade octagon pencils and come six in a box, each bearing your name in gold letters. Each pencil has an eraser.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c.

KATE GREENWAY PUZZLES

Two charming block puzzles for little people, in twenty pieces each. The puzzles are printed on reverse sides of the same blocks, so in addition to giving you some fun in selecting the right pieces for the right places, they also really and truly puzzle you, for you need to be sure that your piece is right side up for the puzzle you wish to with the puzzles, showing put together. Guides come the two completed pictures—little Kate Greenway figures in their quaint costumes.

Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 20c.

THE "SO HANDY

Pocket Knife and Tool Kit. A complete compact kit for boys. It weighs but 5 ounces, and can be easily carried in the pocket. A practical, serviceable outfit for all kinds of "odd jobs." Nothing could be more convenient in the office, store, home, or on an outing. This outfit comprises a splendid Jack Knife with coco handle and an exceptionally good blade, and the following tools which can be attached instantly to the knife handle: File, chisel, reamer, screw driver, bottle opener, gimlet and rule.

Given for three yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $1.35.

PAPER SEWING SET

Most little girls like to sew, and so do little boys, too—not really, truly sewing, you know, like Mother does when she makes your pretty clothes, but the easy kind with a big needle and a long strand of silk, the sort done in the picture just above. "Paper Sewing" we call it, because you sew through cardboard squares on which are printed pretty pictures, and when you are through, you pictures are outlined in silk. This is the nicest sort of sewing for little fingers. There is a skein of silk with each set, and pictures of all sorts of things from a sail-boat to a basket.

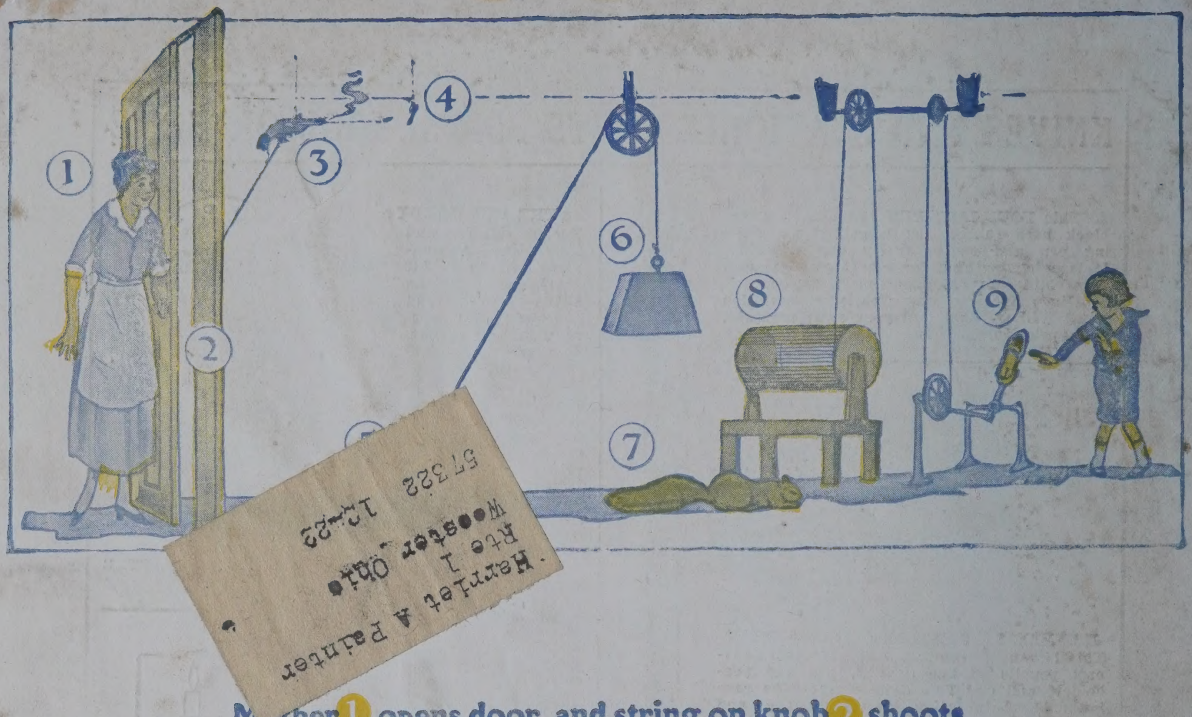
Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 20c.

CELLULOID DOLLY

Big dolls are nice, of course, but when it comes to dolls to dress, a big doll isn't in it with a little doll like this one. This is a four-inch celluloid baby, that has moveable arms and golden hair, bound with a gay ribbon. She is just the right size to carry about with you, and if you go visiting and want to take a dolly along, she will fit into some corner of Mother's trunk or suitcase as nicely as you please, and be no bother at all. If you have a doll-house, she is the best possible size to live in it. She stands alone, and you are sure to love her smile, and to enjoy making clothes for her.

Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 20c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks (*—*)



Mother (1) opens door, and string on knob (2) shoots off gun (3) so that bullet strikes match (4) and lights it. Match falls and lights candle (5) which burns down until flame touches string, releasing weight (6) which falls on tail of sleeping squirrel (7). He jumps into squirrel cage (8) turning wheel rapidly and setting persuading machine (9) in motion.

No such device as this is needed in homes where Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is used. Its delicious flavor makes care of the teeth a treat, not a task.

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